At this requeſt, with noble diſpoſition,
Each preſent Lord began to promiſe aide,
As bound in Knighthood to her impoſition,
Longing to heare the hatefull Foe bewraide.
But ſhee that yet her ſad taske hath not ſaid,
The proteſtation ſtops, ô ſpeake quoth ſhee,
How may this forced ſtaine be wip'd from me?

VVhat is the qualitie of my offence
Being conſtrayn'd with dreadfull circumſtance?
May my pure mind with the fowle act diſpence
My low declined Honor to aduance?
May anie termes acquit me from this chance?
The poyſoned fountaine cleares it ſelfe againe,
And why not I from this compelled ſtaine?

VVith this they all at once began to ſaie,
Her bodies ſtaine, her mind vntainted cleares,
VVhile with a ioyleſſe ſmile, ſhee turnes awaie
The face, that map which deepe impreſſion beares
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with tears.
No no, quoth ſhee, no Dame hereafter liuing,
By my excuſe ſhall claime excuſes giuing.

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